



Augusta, Thursday, August 16, 1866.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER  
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If a subscriber desiring to change the position of his paper must communicate to us the name of the office to which it has previously been sent, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

Mr. JAMES STURGEON is now on a collecting and canvassing tour in the Northern States.

Mr. V. DARELL will visit subscribers in Penobscot County during the months of August and September.

The Political Future of America.

We do not propose to speak now of the condition of political parties as now existing. These are the incidental circumstances which grow out of great exigencies in national affairs.

That there will be two sides to every question of national importance is quite as certain as that there will always be an east and a west, or a north and a south to our common country.

We are perfectly willing that there should always be two great political parties in this country. They will always act as checks upon each other. Bad men belonging to any political party generally rise to the surface, and though remaining there for a short time, they will be swept away by the will of the people, to give place to others. Parties may be defined as exponents of opposite opinions in matters of State.

The great question of slavery which has shaken our nation from centre to circumference, and which has culminated in its overthrow, cannot therefore be a question of much interest among the people. This has been a source of great suffering to all.

Obese theologians and elated politicians may in some localities still cling to the opinions of the past, but the great mass of the American people will adopt new and progressive views.

In looking to our political future, we see in the dim distance questions that will arise, and topics for discussion, and which will from time to time agitate our whole country. Among these will no doubt be the tariff question. It is difficult giving protection, however necessary and deserving, to one section of country without in some way seriously affecting those in another portion of country. A tariff benefiting the North will enrage the South, and men will take advantage of this state of things, and stir up all the ill will in their power, hoping to make sufficient capital whereby to elevate them to important political positions.

The universal suffrage question will, in some way or other, be a theme of many an exciting debate in our political future. Whether the colored race shall maintain their numbers, and become elevated by education to share the responsibilities of a free government, or whether they are to be crushed out, and assume an insignificance in point of numbers and influence, are problems yet to be solved in the political future of our country.

The deep rooted prejudices of the South against the North, their ineloquent aristocratic notions of pre-eminence over the North in everything, especially in arrogance and impudence, will serve to engender a spirit of mutual hostility in every section of the country.

Three of our clergymen, Rev. Messrs. Brown, McKenzie and Johnson, are enjoying their August vacation at Harpewell—engaged together in missionary labor for the promotion of muscular Christianity. In the absence of their shepherds the sheep are obliged to take care of themselves, and to do their justice they seem to be making the best of their opportunities.

The several flocks mingle together amicably and harmoniously, as though all belonged to the same flock.

The other day a large party, made up of members of the different denominations, attended the same church, in the neighboring town of Vassalboro, and all engaged in the exercises with as much zeal and unity as though there was no such thing as differing and antagonistic creeds in the world. They strolled together in the green pastures and by the still waters of Webber's Pond, and were of the same character with a relish for the promotion of muscular Christianity.

The great West is rapidly assuming a degree of importance that will tell mightily upon the future of our country. So many large States, each of which would make a respectable kingdom in Europe, will be States coming in every year, filled with an industrious and free thinking population, will form a combination of influences which when united, no other combination of influences elsewhere in this country can successfully oppose.

These differences of opinion will all serve a beneficial purpose. They will serve to keep the people alive to their own interests. Truth will be sifted out. Bad men incidentally placed in important positions of influence will be hurried down to their proper level by the voice of the people. We should consider it a misfortune to have the people go along without being stirred up from time to time by some exciting question of public interest. Apathy in public sentiment is next akin to slavery. On the whole we look but slight forebodings of evil upon the political future of our country, and believe that such an amount of virtuous intelligence as now exists, will serve to keep us from any abiding ill consequences.

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MAN



# THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

## Poetry.

### MY HERITAGE.

In close communion with the mighty dead  
Rest in the silence of the tomb,  
Giving all laughter for tears,  
For dread, and tears for tears.

With Homers' warions on the plains of Troy,  
With the battle of the Ilium,  
I hear the competing Greeks, all flushed with joy,  
Shout for the victory.

With Love in the stormy storm I go,  
No friend, but love, and her Home,  
But her love her love.

I pity the poor Despot's fate,  
Moral with the world, the world  
Is a great loss all my change's hate,  
And still it is too poor.

I see the shaggy brawny of Shylock lower  
At Portia's silver bower,

I see the grandeur of all his power,  
And furious at his choice.

With Bunyan's pilgrimage, clogged by doubt and sin,  
Rest in the tomb, I pass within  
The gates of Paradise.

The great Italian takes me by the hand,  
Binds us with a fearful curse,

Shows me the spirit-land,  
The things of Heaven and Hell.

I shake with laughter at the immortal knight,  
Quaints of high renown;

And the poor, the wretched, the wretched are all lawright,  
With the heart's deepest core.

Goethe, the life and sun of German thought,  
Gives of his wondrous store.

With the world's great events are all lawright,  
With the heart's deepest core.

With our subdane and most scriptural hard,  
I sorrow for the world.

With the world's great events in devil-ward  
Till He, the Savior, rose.

I see the Roman empire rapid rise,  
I ponder its decline.

The illustrious Caesar goes before mine eyes,  
And a mournful scene.

Let the broad domain of sweet romance  
With high-souled Scott I poor.

Under the roof of old, faded countenances—

And many other wise with me their lays,  
Or build with argument—

At Harvard, learned, worthy of high praise—

With lipless lips and eyes that will not rest,

Then, when the rustics sent from these will turn,  
I take the book—the best;

And rest with joy, "Come ye by sun-down,  
And all your grace rest."

Macmillan's Magazine.

### Our Story-Teller.

HANNAH GNELDT'S DOOR-STEP.

Hannah Gneldt leaned upon her broom, and looked out from the low kitchen door across the wintery fields, and the ice-gashed streamlet which lay between her home and the little village of Greenbrook, with its one tapering spire and looping roofs and black white walls, bare now of the summer verdure. She had done her household work, polished every article of furniture, and swept the floor.

At last she swept clean the door stone, and now felt free to do what she chose, to rest, or gossip, or sit down to needle-work—a thing impossible to her while a spot beneath her roof was out of order.

Then she felt neither like gossiping nor sewing; her heart was very full, and she had to sit still a while. Only then did she feel it necessary to do it, she should have cried, she was so very sad. It seemed to her that the happiest people were those who lay in their green graves in the churchyard, and felt quiet from all earthly going to and fro for evermore.

Not that Hannah Gneldt was sad or weary with the load of household duty; for she was strong, and faithful, and knew her duty, and it was to this at last! "Thou hast been better," says he, "if he'd married Miss Lester!"

Yes, that Gneldt, harassed by toil and debt, had said to her that very morning; and it seemed to her that the house she had built, a long, repeating, free roof from the gods, was a lie.

"Poor man! I wish I could help him," she sighed, leaning on her broom beside the door. "I doubt he's right about Miss Lester."

With that her eyes fell and rested by chance on the ceiling.

"I can't mend that anyways," she said, "and I have time for my work is done."

So she hung the broom up, and peeped into her oven, and set the kettle on, and then, hooded and shawled, crossed the fields to where the farm joined that of Simon Gray.

On that spot was man at work, and stones lying about.

"I want a stone," she said. "May I have one?"

"I wish you'd take 'em all," said the farmer. "A lot o' rubish. You see I'm clearing away what they call the old garden spots at last. What you want is stone, I suppose?"

Blown by the wind, these hard stones have been nine for years and years; and these hard stones a man can't let go down. I tell wife she's willing. It was on her humble heart the burden lay, her spirit that was worn with earthly travail.

"Twenty-three years to-day I've been his wife," she said. "I've worked him well, and worked hard, and faithful, to keep him decent, and it's come to this at last! 'Thou hast been better,' says he, 'if he'd married Miss Lester!'"

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"I can't mend that anyways," she said, "and I have time for my work is done."

So she hung the broom up, and peeped into her oven, and set the kettle on, and then, hooded and shawled, crossed the fields to where the farm joined that of Simon Gray.

On that spot was man at work, and stones lying about.

"I want a stone," she said. "May I have one?"

"I wish you'd take 'em all," said the farmer. "A lot o' rubish. You see I'm clearing away what they call the old garden spots at last. What you want is stone, I suppose?"

Blown by the wind, these hard stones have been nine for years and years; and these hard stones a man can't let go down. I tell wife she's willing. It was on her humble heart the burden lay, her spirit that was worn with earthly travail.

"Twenty-three years to-day I've been his wife," she said. "I've worked him well, and worked hard, and faithful, to keep him decent, and it's come to this at last! 'Thou hast been better,' says he, 'if he'd married Miss Lester!'"

Yes, that Gneldt, harassed by toil and debt, had said to her that very morning; and it seemed to her that the house she had built, a long, repeating,

free roof from the gods, was a lie.

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